

MEN'S TROUSERS—M. GUTMAN & CO.

Men's Trousers READY TO WEAR...
1,500 pairs to fit every kind of a man, qualities beyond anything you have ever seen or heard of for the price. All Wool and finest Worsted, neat, natty and stylish stripes, checks and mixtures. Sizes run from 30x30 to 50x35. Any pair in the house at

33% Reduction.

We have about 250 Children's Single-Breasted Suits, ages 6's, 7's, 8's and 9's, most of them All Wool and Fast Colors. Make an elegant School Suit. Your choice this week for . . . **\$2.15**
Worth \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

M. Gutman & Co.
Twelfth and Main Streets. Retail Department.

FOLDING BEDS—WHITE, HANDLEY & FOSTER.

\$35.00 FOR \$22.37

FOLDING BEDS

Sold at Manufacturer's Loss.

This lot of Beds was ordered for our holiday trade, but did not reach us in time, and are ordered by the manufacturers to be sold regardless of price.
Fine Upright Beds, 18x40 Plate Mirror, Antique or Mahogony finish, only **\$22.37**

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

Herman Frank, Frank E. Foster, RECEIVERS,

WHITE, HANDLEY & FOSTER,

2247 and 2249 Market Street.

FURNITURE—FREW'S.

Great Reduction
—IN—
Chamber Suits.

During the dull season this month we offer a special inducement in our entire stock of all new styles of Bed Room Suits at greatly reduced prices. The following is a few of our best bargains:

Quartered Oak Suit, with 24x30 French pattern plate, full serpentine dresser and wash stand, former price \$35.00, only **\$25.00**
\$28.00 Oak Cheval Suit, 18x40 bevel mirror, for **\$22.00**
Good Antique Finish Suit for **\$12.50**

All finer goods in oak, mahogany and walnut reduced proportionately. Your inspection is invited.

Alexander Frew,
1208 MAIN STREET.

Fine Household Goods

Table Knives and Forks.
Carving Knives and Forks.
Pocket Knives.
Shears and Scissors.
Carpet Sweepers.
Ice Skates.
Nickel Tea Kettles.
Nickel Coffee and Tea Pots.
Aluminum Tea Kettles.

Prices always the lowest for best goods.

Nesbitt & Bro.,
132 MARKET STREET.

GEORGE BAIRD,
Soliciting Agent for The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

Also acting as agent for the following:
Perthshire's Registering Accountant
V. B. Hodge Bank Building, Wheeling, W. Va.

BALLS, SOUVENIRS AND PARTIES
Supplied with all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing. An entire New Line of Souvenirs of Ball Programs, Tickets and Invitations at all prices, at the INTELLIGENCER-PRINTING OFFICE, 25 and 27

WHEELING Business College,
Corner Main and Twelfth Sts.

DAY AND NIGHT.
The only BUSINESS SCHOOL in the city with an established reputation.

WHY TAKE ANY RISK?
The FACULTY of this school is not made up of "OLD FOGY" "OUT OF DATE" Bookkeepers, or of old, out of date discharged teachers. Bookkeeping, shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy and English branches. Careful instruction given of a grade unequalled elsewhere.
Do not FAIL to enter the SPECIAL and ONLY NIGHT CLASSES in the city. Call at college office or address as above.

SAMPLE LINE OF
TRIBUNE WHEELS FOR 1898
Open for Inspection.
You are invited to come and see the finest wheel on earth.
GEO. W. JOHNSON'S SONS,
1210 Main Street.
E. E. WORTHEN,
DENTIST.
Peabody Building, Room No. 201,
1126 Market Street, . . . Wheeling, W. Va.
—FIRE, ELEVATOR—

AUCTION SALE—EWING BROS.

BARGAINS! AUCTION SALE! BARGAINS!
+ EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT +

EWING BROS., 1215 Market St.

Everything must be sold before next Saturday night. China Plates, Dishes, Cups, Saucers and Ornaments, Silverware, Toilet Articles, Playing Cards, Etc., Etc. Everything at a sacrifice.

TWO COLORED BOYS

Begin a Career of Crime by Entering Bowie's Drug Store.

A SMALL AMOUNT OF MONEY

SECURED BY THE PAIR, WHO WERE ARRESTED YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AND CONFINED. WILL BE GIVEN A PRELIMINARY HEARING THIS MORNING. THEY ARE BOOTBLACKS, AND WERE ACQUAINTED WITH THE STORE'S INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT.

Bowie's drug store, in Bridgeport, was burglarized Thursday night, and \$9.75 stolen. Two colored bootblacks were arrested yesterday by the Bridgeport police, and, on being locked up, confessed, and gave back \$8.25, all they had. One of the boys is sixteen and the other nineteen years old. They are Fred Cowe and John Wright. They are bright colored boys, who have been attending the Kirkwood school, and incidentally shining shoes. Mr. Bowie has kindly allowed them working space in the rear of his store, and in consequence they spent part of the evening there. On Thursday evening they were in when the clerk closed the store at half past ten o'clock. They had inquired of the clerk at what time he closed the store, and as they were so well thought of nothing was thought of their inquiries. They gained an entrance to the basement by reaching through a broken pane of glass and pushing the bolt. From the basement a narrow flight of stairs leads to the drug store. At the top of the stairs there is a bolted door. The thieves cut through a pane of the door, below the bolt, large enough to admit their hands, and in this way pushed the bolt and got in. They are in the Bridgeport jail, and will have a preliminary hearing this morning.

THEY WERE NOT STOLEN.

The Toledo Ball Club's Trophies on Exhibition in Wheeling.

About a week ago somebody "doped" the Toledo scribes with a wild tale about the trophies of the Toledo base ball club being stolen, with no trace of the thieves, and altogether a general air of mystery surrounded the affair.

The trophies are in Wheeling!

Certainly they were not stolen. When an Intelligence reporter saw the Brenner and Spinnery championship cups, the pennants of 1897 and 1898, photographs of the Toledo players, and other winnings arranged in the show window of Goetze, the Market street druggist, the story of the theft of the trophies was recalled. Mr. Goetze was asked about the matter, and replied that he had been in correspondence with Strobel, and intended to exhibit the trophies during the holidays. They have been in an express office here for six or seven weeks, but through rush of holiday trade, Mr. Goetze did not take them out until this week. He was surprised to learn that they had been "stolen," and of course laughed at the story. The Toledo newspaper gang ought to see somebody for that tired feeling.

MR. MCGREGOR OBJECTS

To Ridiculous Strictures Upon the County Commissioners.

President H. P. McGregor, of the board of county commissioners, spoke in indignant terms yesterday afternoon, in regard to the ridiculous strictures upon the board made by the evening paper in an article about the letting of the contract for indexes in the county clerk's office. He said the allegation of the evening sheet that the matter of compensation is already decided is not true. The matter is in the hands of the board's finance committee, which will see that the work is done as cheap as good service can be secured, and there is no "understanding" that the board will, through its finance committee, legalize the performance of the work without asking bids or anything of that sort. The insinuation that there is dissatisfaction at the court house regarding the index contract was laughed at by Mr. McGregor. "If there were any objections," said he, "why didn't the News 'court house objectors' appear before the board during the three months in which the index-matter was considered by the board or its committees? At the proper time the finance committee will do what it thinks best, and I don't think it will consult the News. The work will be done, I can assure the public, at the least possible cost to the taxpayers."

COMMON SENSE CURE.

Pyramid Pile Cure Cures Piles Permanently by Curing the Cause—Remarkable Remedy which is Bringing Comfort to Thousands of Sufferers.

See how exposed the half-breed is in this article suffer from piles. It is one of the commonest diseases and is one of the most obstinate. People have it for years and just because it is not immediately fatal they neglect it. Careless persons cause no end of suffering. Carelessness about so simple a thing as piles has often caused death. Hemorrhages occur during surgical treatment, often causing death.

Piles are caused by the beginning and easily cured. They can be cured even in the worst stages, without pain or loss of blood, quickly, surely and completely. There is only one remedy that will do it—Pyramid Pile Cure. It always the inflammation. Immediately, heals the irritated surface and with continued treatment reduces the swelling and puts the membranes into good, sound healthy condition. The cure is thorough and permanent.

Here is a voluntary and unsolicited testimonial we have lately received: Mrs. M. C. Hinkley, 60 Mississippi St., Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Have been a sufferer from the pain and annoyance of Piles for fifteen years, the Pyramid Pile Cure and Pyramid Pills have me immediate relief and in a short time a complete cure."

Druggists sell Pyramid Pile Cure or will get it for you if you ask them to. It is but 50 cents per package and is put up only by the Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

BUCCARDI RICCI'S Recital Carroll Club, Tuesday evening, Feb. 1. Seats now on sale at Baumer Co's.

HERE AND THERE.

There is sympathy extended to the dog, into whose tail the tin can is appended—there is sympathy to bale.

The tongue lets loose in eloquence in scoring fashion the little birds, for woman's hat is a trifle.

For the heart rebels at anything pertaining to the cruel, but lost in all the shuffle is the coal bank mule.

There are game laws in abundance, and laws we term humane. The horseman must "dock" his steed, or use too short a rein.

The torture of the meanest thing of all the animal kind is to be made to wait. And the teacher, too, has pity on the bad boy at his school.

But lost in all the shuffle is the coal bank mule.

And he tolls along in patience—more than Job ever had, has he. Though sometimes, too, he wonders if life's a mockery.

And as a beast of burden, tolling on from day to day.

Subject to torments and edgeline almost denied his bray.

It isn't strange he makes a kick, to show off those who think no feeling's in a coal bank mule.

If fogs in "dear old Lunnon" don't result in many an amusing experience, they won't bear comparison with the Ohio valley article. Owing to the heavy fog and mist that hung over this vicinity recently, a lady who lives up town made a natural mistake while returning from a visit to some South Side friends.

At the conclusion of her call that evening she inquired the nearest point to get a street car, and was told to go to the corner below. Now, the street car line on the South Side performs several voyages before it reaches Benwood.

From Market it slides up Twenty-second to Chapline, and runs along the latter to Thirty-third, where it prefers to jog along East, then seeks Jacob at Forty-third. This devious course led our friend to make the inquiry as to the nearest point to get a car.

Maybe the fog led her; it did lead her, however, to the tracks, where the few scattered lights but dimly peered through the murky night air.

At these tracks she waited for her car. Puttily called, she finally succeeded in getting on, and when nearly sixty of them had passed by, she began to think that "the power" was off for the night. Indeed she was becoming alarmed for around her everything was so still, and it was growing late.

The rails in front of her gave no sign of an approaching car; they looked so moist that she involuntarily shivered. Despair overtook her. She was getting frightened. "Would the car never come?" But there! Look! It comes! She almost cried for joy, and her eyes were raised in amazement.

But the car was not there. The disappointment of it all—the gleaming headlights and the choo-choo of the Baltimore & Ohio engine coming up the track were too much for her. Poor woman! She faintly kind hands carried her into a neighboring house, and the ambulance was called.

Wheeling is now in the throes of the knight of the mallet, and the roped arena, and many in this city were interested in the showing "Yank" Kenney, a former Sixth ward boy, made against Peter Maher, the champion known to the sportively inclined. Peter smote him hip and thigh in less time than it takes to tell it. But it is "Bandy" Johnston, another Sixth ward warrior, of which the city is proud.

Wish to speak. Years ago, when the ward in which he resides was "Schooney" Bero, held terror for policemen and all natives of distant precincts, there were two boys who were bound to be on top. If "Yank" Kenney couldn't do the other boy, his side partner and old college chum, "Bandy" Johnston, helped him. They were the warmest buddies in the bunch, and as soon as they showed warlike tendencies other boys took sudden leave. That was years ago, and "Yank" got sudden fame since he was named in the papers. "Bandy" is now in the city workhouse, but a few days ago, hearing of his old friend's aspiration for championship shoes, he solicited a conference with "Yank." But "Yank" wouldn't try a four round preliminary with "Yank" Kenney, and said he: "If you let me go, mayor, I'll go on with Yank, and I'll beat him out in four rounds. I'll come back and finish my sentence."

This offer went down the hillside without effect, but, however, "Bandy" needed be jealous, as his old friend is now of the past.

Stolen fruits are the sweetest, is a saying true in probably every sense. The old saying is brought to mind by the popularity of chicken fighting, for there is a fascination about the secret assemblage of the fanciers in some secluded resort outside the city limits.

Previous to the affair, the word is passed around with strict instructions to keep mum, and as men are truly supposed to keep a secret, the police are kept in the dark. It is always in the winter time, for the feathered sparring is in fit condition during the warmer months. The eventful night arrives, and by divers routes and equipages the second night of the fight is held.

All nationalities, all classes of men are represented. The lanterns show an audience of excited spectators, with hats pulled down and coats collars turned up, with eyes gleaming hotly on the tankard pit, where the roosters with their steel gaffs do their utmost to kill each other to the edification or the sorrow of the crowd of young men.

Maybe your pockets are filled, probably depleted. Then comes the return home in the gloaming along the country road. It doesn't do to say you were at the fight, for the word is passed. Those muddy shoes give you away, and your dreams are too much about "the black-red," or that "silver-gray."

A mother may preach, and a father may wield his good right arm, but those efforts fall in convincing the young hopeful that his hand should remain a safe distance from the sugar bowl, compared with the influence the father's teacher exerts on him during his first year at school. After the first year, his teacher doesn't seem a creature of another world. He grows bigger and has more command, and it is then a concerted scheme of his and his chums' to get the best of the fair wielder of the birch and rule. But in the innocence of his first year at school, the boy is like a putty.

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LOCAL BREVITIES.

Matters of Minor Moment in and About the City.

Grand to-night—The Gibneys. Matinee at the Grand this afternoon.

At the Fourth Street M. E. church, the pastor, Dr. J. L. Sooy, will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Beck, of the Baptist church, will address the mass meeting Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. All men are welcome.

Rev. P. A. Hellman, of Baltimore, will occupy the pulpit of the English Lutheran church Sunday morning and evening.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will give an acquaintance social at the First Christian church next Tuesday evening.

Evangelistic services will be held in the West Liberty Presbyterian church next week, beginning to-morrow evening. All are invited.

Seats will be reserved this morning for the John Thomas Concert Company, which will appear at the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday, February 1.

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